









times permit me to give you the following example:—

In 1860 I was a well-known light-weight, and one night was returning home from Doncaster in a railway carriage filled with jockeys and trainers, among whom was old Tom Oliver, the trainer, one of the best-hearted, jolliest sort of men I have ever met, and a great favourite with the jockey boys.

As soon as the train started, and we had our pipes, or clays lit up, one of the boys suggested that Mr. Oliver should spin us a yarn, as we all knew that he was most amusing, having often heard him before.

"All right, my lads! What would you like? A fair tale, or a bit of my own experience?"

"Oh, a bit of your own experience! That is sure to be good."

Tom smiled and said, "Well, boys, I'll tell you how I once got out of a difficulty, paid my bill, and got a mistress's keep."

Then three cries of "That's capital!" "Bravo Tom!" "Fire away old man," etc. When the noise had quieted down a little Tom commenced:

"Some few years ago I was at one of the last meetings of the year—I need not mention which—and had two horses with me, or rather one was a mare, that I shall call *Lazy Lass*—not that she was lazy, for she could move, although always slow at first and wanted making up a bit; but after she had gone a mile, she would lie down to her work in splendid style. The other was an old cock I will call *Badger*. "Well, boys, the mare was entered for a race early the first day, which looked a moral for her. I had been having a very bad time of it for months. In fact at that time I was nearly broke, and was looking to the mare to pull me through, and so I put the last ten pounds I had in the world on her, and if ever I did offer up a prayer for success it was then. Well, to cut it short, she got away with a good start, ran a splendid race, and I thought it was all over, but she got nobbled on the post, and was beaten by a short head." Here old Tom heaved a deep sigh at the recollection and resumed his yarn.

"My God! I cried, 'I am ruined, what can I do? I have only *Badger* to fall back on, and I don't think much of him. Well, lads, I rode him myself, but wasn't within six lengths of the winner, but, (and a very big but too) I noticed something during that race that I determined to make use of. *Badger* was entered for the last race the next day, and I observed that before the final race was finished the first day it got so dark, with a thick mist rising, that it was difficult to distinguish the horses as they finished, and a decided impossibility to see the other side of the course."

"Next day, half an hour before it was time to start, I met my old chum Harry Ivy, who had followed my start, and did my little commissions for me. He had been very hard hit over *Lazy Lass* also. 'Now Tom, old fellow, what are you going to do this time?' he said. 'Well, Harry,' I replied, 'I want you to back *Badger* to win me £100.'"

"What! I are you mad, Tommy! *Badger* can never beat this field. Why, there are eight runners, and they are laying 6 to 4 on *Donald Dhu*."

"I never mind, Harry, so much the better! I shall get my money, but do as I tell you, and if you live you will have a bit on your own, self, only ask no questions till it is all over."

"All right, Tom," he replied, "you shall be on, but I am working in the dark."

"Well, boys, seeing how easily *Badger* had been beaten the previous day, the fields laid 20 to 1 against us. By the time we got to the post it was quite dark and a thick mist rising, so that the best field-glass could not discern what took place on the other side of the course. When the flag for *Badger* was let, we had to go twice past the post to win, but about half a mile from the start, on the right, or inside of the course, stood a haystack, and here I pulled up, much to the surprise of *Badger*, and waited very contentedly until I heard the clatter of the horses' feet as they approached the haystack once more. I walked *Badger* round the back of the stack, taking care not to be seen, and after the last horse had gone by, I came out and put *Badger* after them, and as they had made the pace very warm, and were nearly pumped out, while *Badger* was quite fresh, it did not take long to overtake them. I passed first one and then another, until they were all in the rear at the distance post excepting the favorite, but I could see that he had enough of it, while old *Badger* was going like a two-year-old. The backs of the favorite about the 'Donald Dhu'."

"Donald Dhu," but *Donald Dhu*, and *Badger* did; passing the post first easily by a length. You can imagine the rage of the backers! They called me everything, said I "pulled" *Badger* the first day, and I don't know what else; but hard words break no bones, and as long as they kept their hands off, I didn't care what they said."

"And so, boys, I ended my £100 and sold *Badger* for £150, and Harry got back his losses and came out a bit to the good, and that night, he and a few of our own school, had a glorious feed, when we made the 'fit' fly and had a jolly good time. Next morning I paid my hotel bill and got home with the price of a winter's keep in my pocket, as I told you at first."

"Poor old Tom Oliver! He, like many of his kind, has ridden his last race, but I am pleased to say that he died in very good circumstances and had every comfort at the last."

Now, although old Tom could at times pull the long-bow pretty considerably if necessary, I firmly believe the foregoing to be a fact, but I doubt very much if anyone would risk a similar performance nowadays.

G. PARSONS.

## THE WAR.

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

An Imperial decree, received at Nanking from Peking last Saturday, calls upon Liu K'un-yi, Viceroy of the Liang-kiang provinces, to proceed with all haste to Tientsin to take over the seals of the acting viceroyalty of Chihli from the hands of Li Hung-chang, and appoints Chang Chih-tung acting Viceroy at Nanking in Liu K'un-yi's place.

A telegram states that Chang Chih-tung had decided to take over the seals of his acting viceroyalty at Nanking on Wednesday, the anniversary of the Empress Dowager's birthday. In reference to these changes, it may be stated that private telegrams were received in Shanghai on Saturday stating that Huan and Hupeh troops, estimated to number 120,000, had been pouring into Chihli during the last two months, and that Liu K'un-yi would be placed at their head as the commander of the Liang provinces, whilst Li Hung-chang would take the command of the army of the Huai.

What is generally regarded as the first result of Mr. von Hanneken's recent audience was announced in a Tientsin telegram received in Shanghai on the 5th inst., which stated that His Excellency, the German Legation at Tientsin, had been appointed Chief of War Commissariat and Pay Department, with the privilege of reporting direct to the Throne without consulting with Li Hung-chang, Liu K'un-yi, or the Boards of War and Revenue at Peking. In addition to these powers the Throne has ordered him to raise an army on a new basis, having Mr. von Hanneken as his only colleague, and under the special direction of that officer. This does not look as if China were using for peace!

## SHANGHAI RACES.

## AUTUMN MEETING.

Judge—A. McLeod, Esq.

Stewards in charge of the Scales—G. D. Butler, Esq., F. J. Maitland, Esq.

Stewards in charge of Numbers and Telegraphs—H. J. Tripp, Esq.; J. S. Pearson, Esq.; C. J. Dudgeon, Esq.; J. A. Pond, Esq.

Starters—E. H. Gore-Booth, Esq.; C. J. Ashley, Esq.

Time-keeper—A. E. Jones, Esq.

Clerk of the Course—E. H. Gore-Booth, Esq.

Secretary—Barnes Dallas, Esq.

OFF-DAY, SATURDAY, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1894.

The wind had a slight keenness in it on Saturday, but otherwise the weather was quite satisfactory, and a pleasant, if not very exciting day's sport was afforded the visitors. The fields were moderate, with the exception of the Mafoos' race, for which only two ponies started, *Laurel* being rather easily beaten by *Aurifer*. In the majority of instances popular favour was justified by the results, the only marked exception being in the Celestial Sweepstakes, which was won by *Ethos*, who was very slightly supported in the pari-mutuel and totalisator. Over \$12,700 passed through the pari-mutuel and the totalisator during the day. Appended are the results:—

The OFF-DAY SWEEPSTAKES of \$5 each, with Tis. 50 added; for all ponies that have run at this meeting and not won a race; ponies placed second in a race, 5 lbs. extra; weight for inches as per scale. Half-a-mile.

Mr. Ludlow's gr. Brigand, 1st 3lb. ....

Mr. Taylor's bl. Hobbit, 1st 1lb. ....

Mr. Tarpon's gr. Laurel, 1st 1lb. ....

Mr. A. W. Burdell's gr. Mafoos, 1st 1lb. ....

Mr. Dennis's dur. Ethos, 1st 1lb. ....

Mr. Gustav's gr. Edelbit, 1st 1lb. ....

Mr. Machado's gr. Mafoos, 1st 1lb. ....

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until Probst's Corner was reached, where Edelbit came back to his senses, and Hobbit, who had been lying fourth, improved his position considerably. Freedom, Hobbit, and Blue Peter were prominent as they passed the Monument, and entering the straight Hobbit forged ahead, eventually winning by a couple of lengths. Edelbit was fourth, Silver Spray fifth, and Dunoon last. Time, 3mins. 21/2 secs.

The "CELESTIAL STEEPCHASE" for all China ponies, without regard to ownership; winners of a steepchase or a paper hunt excluded; native riders in racing colours; catch weights; entrance \$5; first rider, 5/8ths; second, 2/8ths; third, 1/8th. Once round.

Ethos.....Goose 1  
Castles.....Ah-mow 2  
Kestrel.....Khe-ye 3  
Nanhai.....Punch 0  
Yoshino.....Tiner 0  
Colonel.....Ah-chu 0

Ethos was the only competitor to complete the distance without mishap, and he won easily. A dividend of \$78.50 was paid by the "pari" on every \$5 invested on the winner.

The MAFOOS' CHAMPION RACE for China ponies the property of Members of the Shanghai Race Club; weight, 97 lbs; entrance, \$5. Once round. Native riders in racing colours; the stakes to be handed to the riders as follows:—The winner, 5/8ths; second rider, 2/8ths; third rider, 1/8th.

Mr. Fourman's cr. Primrose, 97 lbs. ....

Mr. Robson's ch. Cardinal, 97 lbs. ....

Mr. Mustard's gr. Centaur, 97 lbs. ....

Mr. Boyd's gr. Dunoon, 97 lbs. ....

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